

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO E—E—  
A Reply.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Do I love thee? Do I love thee?  
Ask the roses of my cheek,  
Burning brighter 'neath thy glance;  
How, what does their language speak?  
Is it not that I am thine?  
Is it not that thou art mine?

Do I love thee? Do I love thee?  
Read thy answer in my eye;  
In the trembling of its lashes—  
In each low love-breathing sigh;  
Say they not that I am thine?  
Say they not that thou art mine?

Do I love thee? Do I love thee?  
Read the veil from off my heart;  
See if 'mid its secret places  
There's a spot where you've no part;  
There 'tis written I am thine,  
There 'tis written thou art mine.

ELLA.

## THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "ANTONY'S BURN," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRINCE FLOWER," "CLARA MORLAND," "FORGED WILLS," ETC.

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### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ALAMO AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Weak from fatigue, breathless from haste, and laboring under the most intense excitement, I reached the dwelling of Don Luis and demanded admission.

"Has your master returned?" I inquired of the porter who opened the gate.

"The Señor will find him in the hall," replied the old domestic.

He was proceeding, with the gait of age, favor, and indolence, to add what else he thought would interest me, when I astonished him by darting abruptly away, and bounding up the stairs, three at a leap.

On reaching the Sala Grande, or Great Hall, I was surprised to find a large collection of ladies and gentlemen, with most of whom I had the honor of some slight acquaintance through previous meetings and introductions. They had met here, at short notice, to pass the evening in a lively and agreeable manner; and at the moment of my entrance, some three or four musicians were tuning their instruments, preparatory to the opening of the *baile*.

On seeing me, some half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen, nearest the door, sprang forward to greet me with the warm cordiality peculiar to the Spanish and their descendants; and immediately I found myself embraced by one after another of both sexes, with as much apparent affection as a fond parent could bestow upon a child.

"Ah, friend!" cried the pretty *linda* de la Casa, as she tripped gaily up and threw her fair arms unresistingly about my neck; "where have you been? Holy Virgin of Guadalupe! she exclaimed the next instant; "you are very pale; you are ill!"

"I am excited, *linda*. I am the bearer of startling news; let me speak to your father without delay!"

"Here he comes!" she said, looking quickly around and stepping back a pace.

Almost at the same instant, Don Luis, Don Manuel, and my friend Matilda, came hurrying up from the other end of the hall.

"My dear Ned, where have you been?" cried Matilda. "I have been alarmed at your absence."

"So have we all, *Señor*," said Don Luis. "But you are ill, my friend; you can scarcely stand!" he added, almost in the same breath, placing his arm under mine, to support my tottering frame.

"Quick!" said I; "take me to a private apartment! I have strange and startling news for you all!"

Leaving the assembled guests in a state of excitement—convinced by the manner, which flew quickly around the hall, that I was the bearer of some terrible news, the nature of which none could conjecture—I was conducted in all haste to the library, where, with a trembling hand, the host presented me a cup of wine, which he had caught up on his way thither.

"Drink!" he said; "it will give you strength."

I poured it down at a single draught, and then, summoning my friends to close the door, I threw myself into a seat, and told my story in as few words as possible. Each listened in breathless silence, and Don Manuel became deadly pale as I unfolded the scheme of the *ladrones* to rob his dwelling, if not about his daughter.

"The villains!" he exclaimed, starting up and clenching his hands; "they shall pay dearly for this! And to think I have risked, if not members of the infernal band, in my own household! Ah! glory to San Marcos, my patron saint, for this wonderful preservation! God bless you, Don Edmundo!" he continued, throwing his arms around my neck and warmly embracing me; "you are an instrument, in the hands of the holy saints, for saving your friends. Not a word of this to any one!" he pursued; "we must act quickly and secretly. Our friends will wonder—but no matter. Come, *la Casa*, let us to the Commandant with all speed! I will find him at headquarters. Will you come with us, *Señores*?"

"I fear my friend is too ill," replied Matilda, glancing anxiously at me; "and unless I can be of service to you, gentlemen, I will remain with him."

"I regret to say I am much exhausted, and do not feel able to accompany you, *Señores*," rejoined I, "though in my more than life is bound on the issue. I have but one word to add—what may seem presumption in one of my years—but the intensity of hope and fear compels me to warn you to exercise the greatest caution. If, I suppose, you are not only about to attempt to thwart the designs of the robbers but to capture the leaders at least of the two bands?"

"Trust me, if they are bold enough to make the attack to-night, tomorrow's light shall see them in chains," replied Don Manuel. "There is time enough, if we haste, to get a file of soldiers within the villa before midnight; and then we to all who enter my grounds for an unlawful purpose!"

"The lives of my friends depend upon your success," rejoined I.

"And the safety of society," added Don Luis.

"I have not time to make known my plan," said Don Manuel; "but, by San Marcos! with the intelligence you have brought me, Don Edmundo, the villains shall have credit if they escape their just deserts! Adios, *Señores*."

"God be with you!" ejaculated Matilda. And the moment the others had left the apartment, he turned to me and exclaimed: "Ned, this is a most wonderful and I am superstitious enough to believe you have been guided by something more than mortal. But come, you must be to bed and to sleep for another night of wakefulness and excitement may prove fatal to you. I would like to converse with you on this wonderful occurrence, but I see you are not in a condition to hear it. Ah, how strange! how strange! But, God be thanked, you know Benita is safe for the present; and if your friends succeed in getting these villains in their power, her liberation will be sure to follow."

"Oh, they must, they must succeed!" cried I, starting up and staggering toward the door. "I will go with them, weak as I am, for fear they may fail; and failure would be death to me."

As I spoke, the room seemed to spin around me and grow dim, and the next moment I was caught in the arms of my friend, who said: "Ah! my dear fellow, you are ill!" I heard him say—though so obscure was my hearing, that his voice seemed to come from a distance.

"You are ill; you are overdone; you must have rest from this wild excitement, or it will kill you! Here, Ned, I have an opiate—it was prepared expressly for your use by Doctor Mision. There—take it; my friend—swallow it at once!"

I felt something placed upon my tongue, and I remember making an effort to swallow. After that follows a dim recollection of being conducted to my chamber and sinking sweetly into oblivion.

Suddenly I found myself in a great hall, with a thousand massive pillars supporting a dome of ivory, roses, and flowers, so harmoniously intermingled as to fill the soul with a sense of exquisite beauty and perfection. The ground of the temple was a network of flowers, of a thousand different kinds, forms, and colors, and in the centre was an altar of the same, before which, in spotless and shining raiment, knelt a beautiful figure, to whom I was drawn by some irresistible power. As I approached her, I heard her say, in a voice of the sweetest melody:

"To Thee, the Great Unseen! the everliving and eternal Architect and Builder of worlds! the Great Source of all that is good and beautiful, true and holy! To Thee be praise, benediction, and glory forever!"

With these words she turned her lovely face full upon me, and in an instant I was clasped in the embrace of my beloved Benita.

"Oh! the ravishes of that moment on language can express! Now can I portray the pure, holy delight which filled our dulled souls, as we went forth from the open temple and wandered along the flower-embellished banks of a dark blue, placid stream, through groves and fields of vision, where every sight and every sound and every scent seemed perfection to every sense! All around seemed formed for happiness, and every object seemed glowing with the divinity of love."

Suddenly as it had appeared, this bright and glorious vision vanished; and I found myself in a damp, dark vault, groping about among human bones, and along slimy walls, breathing noxious and unhealthy exhalations, gasping for pure air, and vainly searching for light. The next moment I was throttled by some human hand,

who bore me struggling to the earth; and with his knee upon my breast, and his dagger at my heart, he bled in my ear:

"Die, poor wretch, the death of a dog! and leave Benita and happiness to your rival and foe!"

With these soul-destroying words, the dagger was pressed home, and the sense of dying followed. From that moment I remember nothing till the voice of my friend aroused me.

"Ned, my dear fellow," I heard him say, "it grieves me to be obliged to wake you, but you are wanted at the Court of the Alcáide. Ned, I see! awake, and listen to good tidings. I startle up in bed, and looked wonderingly around. The room was light, and a bright ray of the sun was streaming into the chamber, through the dark green foliage which shaded the windows and balcony. By my side stood Matilda, Don Luis, and the family physician.

"I trust you have had a good night's sleep, and are not ill?" said Don Luis, in a cheerful tone.

"Oh, I feel quite well, I thank you, though a little confused," I replied. "Something has happened! Ah, yes—the robbers! the robbers!"

"Benita and Benito, with fifteen of their cut-throat followers, have been taken!" cried Matilda, joyfully. "Is it not glorious news, my dear fellow?"

"It gives me new life!" returned I, thinking of Benita. "But pray tell me how it occurred?"

"I will, Ned; but you must hasten and make your toilet meantime; for the Alcáide has sent for you to give in your evidence."

The doctor now felt my pulse, and said he was happy to be able to pronounce me in a much better condition than could have been expected from my appearance the night previous.

"But you did not see me last night, Doctor?" returned I.

"Yes, Ned," replied my friend. "I called him in after you had fallen asleep, and he remained with you the greater part of the night."

"Then I was indeed ill!"

"Indeed, *Señor*, I may say you have had a narrow escape," rejoined the doctor; "but, blessed be the Virgin! you are now out of danger; and allow me to wish you happiness till we meet again."

With this he withdrew, accompanied by the host; and while I made haste to dress, Matilda recounted all the news he had been able to gather.

Quite a body of soldiers had been suddenly and stealthily conducted within the grounds of the *Paraiso*, and so concealed about the mansion as to be able to take the robbers by surprise and at a single swoop. There had been as desperate a resistance on the part of the *ladrones* as their circumstances would permit; but it was the resistance of some twenty men against more than a hundred, and the former taken completely by surprise. Three of the robbers and two of the soldiers had been killed, and several wounded on both sides, but the leaders, or those supposed to be Benito and Benita, had been captured unharmed. Loaded with iron, and chained to their companions, they had been marched into the city, and lodged in a dungeon, whence they were to be brought forth for examination at an early hour. It was not accurately known what force the robbers really had around the villa; but those outside the grounds, supposed to be by far the larger number, had made good their escape. On hearing this last, I became much alarmed, and in a tone commensurate to my feelings I exclaimed:

"Good heavens! what if these ruffians should murder their prisoners by way of revenge?"

"I have been thinking of that, my friend," returned Matilda, changing color; "but my hope is, that they will fear to do anything of the kind; and that their leaders will see the murderous act should bring certain vengeance upon the heads of all."

"But the thought that these poor ladies are in their hands, is terrible! terrible!" groaned I.

"From what I have been able to gather, I believe it is the intention of the Commandant to immediately send a troop of horse to their rescue."

"But how will their strength be found?"

"It is expected that some of the prisoners will turn King's evidence, and make a clean breast of all their know, rather than suffer the sentence to which they will otherwise be subjected."

"But why is this not done at once? Oh, my God! every moment may be fatal to me!"

"I think everything will be done as speedily as possible, for the city is in a state of excitement, and the clamor of the populace, who have in some manner gathered most of the particulars, is loud for immediate action to save the innocent, and drive for justice and vengeance upon the guilty."

"Curry," said I, grasping his arm, "the thought of losing Benita now is worse than death itself! It is unbearable! it is unbearable!"

"Nay, my friend," he replied, drawing his arm around my waist and giving me the support I needed, "do not give way now, but bear up with hope, for all may be according to your desire! Here comes a *cofrade* with some refreshment. Take a cup of coffee, eat what you can, and let us hasten to the Court of the Alcáide, where we shall perhaps gather further tidings."

I raised the cup with a trembling hand, and

drank off a part of its contents; and then eating a few mouthfuls, more for the purpose of gaining strength than because of any appetite, I hurried on my coat, seized my hat, and, arm in arm with my friend, hastened down to the street. As we were passing the *paraiso*, or outer porch, two *alcaldes*, one of them bearing the *baton de justice*, or staff of justice, confronted me.

"Have I the honor of beholding, in either of you gentlemen, the *Señor* Don Edmundo Lorenzo?" inquired he of the latter.

"My name, *señor*," I replied.

"Then, in the King's name, and by order of the *Señor* Don José María Alonzo, Alcáide, I command you to come with me to the Hall of Justice! You are in a carriage," he continued, pointing to a large, cumbersome vehicle, drawn up before the dwelling, with four mules and two riders attached; "will the *Señor* oblige me by entering it immediately?"

"Certainly, *Señor*," replied I; "and will be deeply obliged for permission for my friend to accompany me?"

"It is a pleasure to serve you, *Señor*," he continued, with a polite bow and a wave of his hand. "Command me at all times! Please enter, gentlemen!"

As soon as we were all seated in the carriage, the heavy door was swung to, the mules were lashed into a gallop by their riders, and we were borne swiftly along through one street after another to the central Plaza and Hall of Justice.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRIAL AND OUR ARREST.

The Plaza, and all the avenues leading into it, were crowded with people of both sexes, all eager to hear the latest news, and, if possible, to catch a glimpse of the bandits, whom popular belief had long since magnified into giants and fiends; and had the dreadful Benita at that moment been at liberty, he might have observed his way through the clamorous mob, without exciting other feeling than contempt for his puny size and inferior appearance—so falsely does imagination portray the externals of the individual famous for deeds of heroism or deeds of crime.

The government building in which the criminal courts were held, and in which the *Comandante General* had his headquarters, was guarded by a file of soldiers, who kept back the crowd, secured the prisoners against escape, and preserved perfect order.

Into this building my friend and I were conducted, past the sentries, and entering a large, square apartment, we found ourselves in the presence of the Court. Three judges, in their robes of office, occupied the bench; and below them, in a kind of dock, were two prisoners, chained together, and heavily ironed. One of these I instantly recognized as Benita; and the other, whom I had not before seen, I rightly supposed to be Benito. The latter, a tall, slender, and not ill-favored man, with dark complexion and a profusion of straight, black hair, looked nervously around, from time to time, and seemed ill at ease; but Benita appeared to be as calm, bold, and collected, as when giving orders in his own stronghold. In fact, his features wore a fearless, confident, half sarcastic expression; and had I not previously known him, under circumstances which rendered it impossible to mistake the man and his profession, I should have concluded that he was really evidence to convince me that he was really the man who had for many years filled the adjoining provinces with terror, and had held the unenviable distinction of a terrible benefactor.

On either side of the prisoners were seated two officers of the Court; and just behind them two monks, in black gowns and cowls—the latter drawn over their shaven heads, so as to conceal their pale, osseous features; while clerks, notaries, lawyers, officers, both civil and military, a few priests, and citizens of the better class, filled up the apartment.

At the moment of our entrance, the officer who had made the capture was giving in his testimony; and as soon as he had concluded, I heard my name called, and was conducted at once to the stand. On my way, I passed in close proximity to Benita, who, looking at me, his piercing eyes of Benita fixed steadily upon me, with an expression of surprise and wonder. Being duly sworn upon the cross, the presiding Alcáide requested me to state all I knew concerning the prisoners.

"It is the wish of your worship that I should state how and where I first met Benita, in a case that I have known of him since?" I inquired.

"State everything you know, from first to last, *Señor*," he replied.

With this I began at the beginning, and told my story, from the time of meeting him as a guide, under the alias of *Fedro Ordoñez*, up to the time of my escape from his stronghold among the mountains of Tamaulipas. My narrative was listened to with breathless attention, only now and then interrupted by some question of the judge. I detailed all that had a bearing upon the prisoners; how I had suspected him of treachery; how I had put a guard over him; how he had escaped from me at the Hacienda de Palo Alto; how he had subsequently attempted my life, and left me naked; how I had disguised myself as a peasant, and again fallen into his hands; how I had then escaped among his band, as something better than a slave,

and taken to the mountains; how I had heard of his attempt to seize the specie train of Don Ramon, and his subsequent capture and escape; how he had prepared to initiate me into his fraternity, and give me the password of safety; how I had escaped, and, in short, all that has been made known to the reader during the progress of my story.

As I concluded this part of my narrative, I became conscious of a deep sensation in Court; and on glancing at Benita, I saw that he was pale and excited. His lips were compressed, his brows contracted, and his black eyes shot gleams of deadly malice. Drawing in his breath, he fairly blazed from between his clenched teeth, in a tone barely audible:

"*Fedro Díaz! he is a devil!*"

"You will now proceed to state what else you know?" pursued the Judge, after a moment's pause.

With this I went on to state what I had learned since my arrival in the city, concerning the abduction of Dona Raquel and her friends; and how, on the night previous, I had accidentally overheard some conversation between Benita and one Benito, by which it appeared that the former had kidnapped these ladies and taken them to the retreat of the latter, where they were still held prisoners; and also how, by the robbery of Don Manuel's dwelling, Benita expected to acquire a certain sum, for which he would agree to give Benito entire possession of his captives, to use and dispose of in whatever manner he might see proper.

This, as the reader knows, completed the weight of my evidence; and after a few more questions and answers, the Alcáide very politely informed me that I was at liberty to retire.

As I withdrew from the witness stand, which I had occupied for three hours, the Alcáide said to the prisoners:

"Well, villain, what have you to say to this convicting testimony?"

"It is as false as the heart of the Rebel that uttered it!" replied Benita, boldly.

"Such language will not serve you here!" rejoined the Judge. "This is a Court, thank the saints! over which Justice presides, and where each defendant as you may be certain of receiving sentence according to your deserts! Our testimony permits you to offer testimony in evidence of the crimes with which you are charged; but the bare and uncorroborated word of a felon can have no weight. And remember, if you were to prove, by unimpeachable testimony, the evidence of the last witness false, you were taken *Raymond delicto*—or, in other words, in the act of crime—and a dozen oaths of men of your stamp could not avail you."

"Then why ask me to say anything, if in your heart I am already condemned?" returned Benita, doggedly.

"We should like you to show penitence, by a free and full confession of your crime."

"And what would that avail me?" sneered the outlaw.

"It would not stay your sentence; but it would be some evidence that you are a repentant man, and save you much physical suffering."

"I have a ghastly confession," said the robber, turning slightly round to the monk who sat behind him, "and what I have to say I will say to him."

"We have some instruments of torture, which we sometimes make use of when the prisoner is too obstinate," rejoined the Alcáide, in a stern, determined tone. "Now if you will proper to make a clean breast of your crimes, and tell us, among other things, where these ladies are that you have seized, and how they can be found and liberated, you may hope to be spared much bodily suffering."

"Now?" answered Benita, with compressed lips and a flashing eye; "and know you, *Señor* Alcáide, that if I perish, I have faithful followers at large to revenge my death, by taking the lives of those you would save?"

"We shall see!" sternly returned the judge.

"Set me free, and I swear to you, from the depths of my soul, and by all the saints, that the ladies in question shall be returned to their homes, safe and unharmed! I am confident, and take my life, and every prisoner in our hands, young and old, shall die a bartering and bloody death!"

"If we needed other evidence, I perceive you are giving it against yourself," said the Alcáide, with a cold, menacing smile. "Benita, you are preparing yourself for a terrible reckoning! All does not depend upon you, though you seem so forget that we have other and more terrible means to work with."

At this moment, and while I stood trembling at the thought that perhaps the life of poor Benita depended upon the life of Benita, a door behind the judge opened, and a man, dressed in black, and with a mask upon his face, glided stealthily up to the bench, and whispered something in the ear of the principal Alcáide.

"Let him be brought before us!" was the quick reply; and the man in black instantly bowed back and disappeared.

In less than a minute, and while all stood motionless and expectant, a man was led into Court, through the same door, supported by two men, one on either side, upon whom he seemed to lean heavily, while he walked with a slow, shuffling pace. He was a man of large frame, about thirty years of age, naturally robust and powerful, with thick, curly hair and whitened



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## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY OSIMO.

CACAO—ITS PECULIAR PROPERTIES—MOUNTAIN  
PEAKS—HILLS—RIVERS—INDICATIONS OF  
MINERALS—FAMILIAR SIGHTS—PROPOSED MIN-  
ING—O'HARRA'S PROPERTY—THE BARRA—ROCK  
RIVERS.

Some have written something of the South American plant Cacao—*Erythroxylon Cacao*—has either written of what he did not quite understand, or, which is quite as likely, he has himself been misunderstood, and the poor lay-  
ing hold of the thing wrong and first, are every-  
where presenting it to the public in a paragraph  
calculated to make the error universal. Here  
is the popular paragraph, which having read,  
let us go back at the Cacao itself:

"A Peruvian plant, the Cacao, has been found  
by experiment to possess the property of quelling  
the sensation of hunger and thirst for several  
days. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves  
of the stomach and suspend the digestive func-  
tions without any nutriment."

All a mistake, except that the Cacao is not  
"Coco," does quell, or rather changes the sen-  
sations of hunger and thirst for very disagree-  
able sensations to sensations every way pleasant.  
But the sensations do not remain several days,  
nor many hours, unless the Cacao is re-  
newed.

All the members of our party were habitual  
Cacao eaters for several months, and in more  
than one instance it stood us in good stead of  
more substantial aliment, so that we mastered,  
I believe, the character and qualities of the  
plant generally, but always remained ignorant  
as to the manner in which results so singular  
and important were produced by causes seem-  
ingly so insignificant.

Premising that Cacao is no more a Peruvian  
than it is a Chilean, Bolivian or Equadorian  
plant, it being indigenous to all these countries,  
I would observe that although some five or six  
of us had seen the plant before, and were some-  
what familiar with its properties, it was only on  
our journey towards Potosi that we became  
practically and personally acquainted with its  
singular properties and strange effect upon the  
animal system.

Everywhere, after the first day's ride from  
Mount Alcamo eastward, we found the plant com-  
mon all along our route; it was only at con-  
siderable distances back from the thoroughfare  
that we found it in perfection, as the plants  
more convenient were always plucked for their  
leaves by passing travelers, so that little more  
than the bare, rugged branches remained. In  
its perfection, the Cacao is a pretty, symmetrical  
little shrub, not exceeding about five feet in  
height, having light green, silvery surfaced  
leaves, in size, shape and texture very like those  
of the common sage.

Green, the leaves produce very little apparent  
effect; but dried, and a leaf or two placed in  
the mouth and chewed, the effect is almost in-  
stantaneous, and as remarkable as its powers  
are mysterious. As a preventive of hunger and  
thirst it is in all cases a specific, warding off  
and putting back their approaches, and even  
when one has begun to suffer from want of food  
and drink, the simple chewing of a leaf a dose  
driven and refreshing the saliva sets at  
once and like a charm.

The chewing of Cacao in this manner cer-  
tainly does allay thirst for a time, but it does  
not appease hunger. It only arrests the craving  
for food and changes the disagreeable to most  
delightful sensations. Under its influence one  
feels nothing of hunger or fatigue for some six  
to ten hours, nevertheless it is just as ready to en-  
courage a hearty meal, or to doze and rest  
and sleep at any time, as if there was not a  
Cacao leaf in existence. There is no narcotic  
principle in the plant, and though undeniably a  
stimulant, it produces none of the effects of  
vino or alcoholic drinks, nor a symptom of a  
sensation like those begotten of the use of  
opium, hashish, etc. There are no mistakes  
made, as is usually the case with tipsy or stimu-  
lated persons. Under the influence of Cacao,  
one does not imagine that he can face impossibil-  
ities, does through fire, run up a perpendicular  
rock, fly, or stay a thousand miles with  
the jaw bone of an ass. But he knows that he  
is unconsciously comfortable for several hours,  
though hungry as a shark and dry as a codfish  
the whole time, only he does not feel the least  
inconvenience from either hunger or thirst.

We found, after becoming Cacao eaters, that  
after getting out breakfast and to walk  
by sunrise, and then by taking to chewing the  
leaves about the time we had been in the habit  
of taking dinner, we always went on feeling fit  
supper time, feeling neither hunger, thirst or fa-  
tigue, and there we saved a good deal of  
trouble and time in cooking, as well as in pro-  
vision, though our poor horses were certainly  
the sufferers in our new practice.

Having passed the river and valley of Cogu-  
liza, we began to ascend among the spurs of  
the Sierra de Potosi, and at each successive mile  
the surrounding hills rapidly rose rugged,  
broken, and in their general characteristics con-  
stantly different from anything we had seen else-  
where.

The English of the Spanish word is raw, and  
if the Spaniard who first gave the name of one  
such sharp, toothed-edged ridge had taken  
the rise from such shape as we were climb-  
ing by among it, it is certain he was not  
strained to draw very strongly upon imagination.  
The shape is suggestive and makes the same  
impression.

As a rule, these spurs jutted out from the  
side of the main range in clusters of four or five,  
radiating or diverging like the toes of a turkey  
while the distance as they run down at an  
angle of thirty degrees towards the lower  
country, their sides broke into ridges and  
black chasms towards their base while high  
up they became more broken, bare of trees, and  
among the great pointed teeth tolerably  
regular and distinct, only at intervals there  
were upward gaps, and at the distance of a few  
miles one of these narrow gorges very like an  
immense crenelated wall, ran diagonally up and  
down every fifth or sixth tooth struck out.

Between these diverging spurs the surface  
ran into all manner of queer vagaries—mounds,  
cones, pyramids, and sharp, jagged peaks; so  
that it was a rare relief to the eye, and a grand  
sight to the eye, and having a grand, re-  
sultant, bubbling, sparkling and sparkling  
up into all those fantastic peaks and points,  
a white Pacific of cold water had been dashed  
down upon them, hardening their heads into

gray and green, red, brown, black, blue and  
all intermediate shades of rock in a second.

It was always the popular opinion among the  
Peruvians, and accepted as current philosophy  
by their conquerors, that wherever the surface  
showed such evidence of having been so vio-  
lently agitated while in a state of fusion and  
then so suddenly cooled, deposits of the precious  
metals were invariably to be found underneath.  
Upon this theory both Peruvians and Spaniards  
always acted, and dug for gold and silver with  
almost universal success. If at any time they  
did not find the buried treasure, it was because  
subterranean streams of water interfered and  
drowned them out, or because, as they argued,  
the deposits lay below their possible depth of  
mining.

Certain it was that this rough sierra region  
had been in early times, both Inca and Spanish,  
a favorite mining district, and both Inca and  
Spanish account that vast amounts of the pre-  
cious ores were obtained in all these localities.  
Everywhere we found surface indications of the  
existence of mineral wealth, as iron, antimony,  
alum, copper, tin, and frequent traces of gold  
and silver; and often we came upon pits and  
shafts, some by the wayside, others shown us  
by our guides in rocky ravines and at points al-  
most impossible of access, high up on the sides  
of the rugged spurs. One great gorge hole had  
been dug all around it to the distance of five  
hundred yards, cones and mounds, like mon-  
strous and hills, of earth excavated and thrown  
out in sinking to an unknown depth the immense  
shaft.

Native tradition has it current, and Spanish  
history, correct enough perhaps, has it in this  
its vast artificial crater was sunk by Pacheco  
Vasquez Padilla, brother of Pizarro's famous  
lieutenant, he having compelled more than ten  
thousand Indians to dig more than a year, until  
a depth over eight hundred feet having been  
reached, silver, almost pure metal, was found and  
brought to the surface in such immense quantities  
that at first a mound of the metal, more than  
fifty feet high, was built up near the mine, and  
afterwards in transporting the treasure to the  
coast, the Indians, men and women, and every  
Inca within a circuit of fifteen leagues were  
pressed into the service, laden with silver and  
driven in long trains down the passes towards  
the sea.

Tradition concludes the silver romance with  
the story of how a terrible tempest of wind,  
rain, thunder and lightning suddenly came on,  
continuing four days and nights, coupled with  
great shocks of earthquake by which great  
clefts and chasms were rent in the rocky ravines  
and sierras, dispersing the troops of treasure-  
bearers, men, women and animals, who being  
aside their precious burdens and fled in dis-  
tracted confusion, while the red robes of  
heaven's artillery struck dead, and the swelling  
rains redoubled up and buried deep in the fiery  
bowels of the mountains the immense Spaniards.  
At the same time fierce volcanic flames leaped  
up from the great silver shaft, licking up Pa-  
dilla, and his fellow plunderers, together with im-  
mense piles of precious ore accumulated near  
the shaft, and waiting transportation to the coast.  
Every Spaniard perished by the terrible wrath of  
the offended Sun-deity of the Inca, many of  
one or silver ingots melted, flowing in streams  
into chasms and crevices, disappearing forever;  
while the poor enslaved Peruvians and innocent  
Indians all perished unharmed.

Whatever of truth there may be in this part  
of the tradition, there is much evidence to sup-  
port so much of it as says that "Padilla's  
Shaft" was once one of the best producing silver  
mines in Peru. It is abandoned and desolate  
mountain now, and has been so for many years.  
And yet, though it is the popular opinion of  
one or silver ingots melted, flowing in streams  
into chasms and crevices, disappearing forever;  
while the poor enslaved Peruvians and innocent  
Indians all perished unharmed.

It is scratching into the mounds of earth, we  
found in those probably last thrown out from  
the bottom of the shaft plentiful particles of  
silver, but in small quantities, showing that the  
early Spanish miners were no bunglers in sep-  
arating the precious metal from earthy im-  
purities, but enough to convince us that the  
mine had at some time been richly productive.  
Next, with our knives and packing cords tied to-  
gether, we let down a small camp kettle, find-  
ing soundings at a depth of less than five hundred  
feet, and upon drawing up our bucket we found  
it filled with a fine glossy black sand, among  
which, according to our own estimation, there  
were about fifty per cent. of very bright, pretty  
ores.

That was worth working, we argued, when  
silver at that rate could be drawn up so easily.  
But whether the shaft had been originally  
of greater depth, with lateral horizontal  
drifts, afterwards filled up to the present depth  
with the mingled sand and silver, of course we  
could not determine. About two miles farther  
downward from the main shaft, we discovered  
an excavation that went down diagonally in  
rather regular cut steps in the direction of the  
mine, doubtless communicating with it, and  
serving when the mine was worked as a road-  
way by which the miners brought the ore to the  
surface.

In brief, imagine that silver could be ac-  
crued up by the bucketful in the dark, deserted  
subterranean chambers, proposed a descent and  
read upon the previous deposits, declaring we  
could all make ourselves millionaires in a month.  
"Adios, Montezuma, Edith, the formidable Kate,  
and even Señora Concha, might the fever re-  
commended the doctor's proposition, and clamorous  
ly declared their intention to go down there  
and there after silver. Captain O'Hara pro-  
tested, and then when the women laughed at  
and called him coward, he was forced to go.

"Well, go on. Good-bye, ladies and gentle-  
men. Kate—my dear, leave me a handful of  
two or three pretty curls and a message for your  
mother."

"Woe, O'Hara, won't you go down with us?"  
Edith asked.

"No, thank you. I prefer the sunbathing,  
not down in a stoneware. And when plundering  
silver because a womanly, I propose that instead  
of endeavoring to descend down in this black hole,  
we postpone until the next Buenos Aires steamer  
train from Potosi, and pocket several dollars. I  
prefer the possible penalty due to public belief  
to being privately smothered in such a place.  
In Potosi's silver mine were phenomenal and reg-  
ular, and the falling silver either fortune  
from "Padilla's Shaft" was undeniably post-  
poned. Nevertheless not one of us entertained  
a doubt but that with sufficient force and proper

appliances the abandoned silver mine might be  
made liberally productive.

For two days we continued to dig by acute  
traverses up hill, often going two leagues hori-  
zontally in gaining a single mile of direct ascent.  
But at last we got above the roofs of the spurs,  
coming to the main sierra, which assumed fea-  
tures essentially different from the cross-toothed  
territory below. A mighty mound, rising  
nearly north and south, brown, almost black  
black in places, frowning, desolate, in half its  
western surface bare rocky wall, broken through  
by tumbling torrents, towering in frequent in-  
stances into inaccessible. T and black but  
traces, along the base, which wound our  
descent serpentine way; frequently the path  
being for a mile or more a mere wall of rock,  
so narrow in places that riding single file, on one  
side the overhanging hand would touch the wall  
of rock, towering perpendicular—perhaps over-  
hanging hundreds of feet above the head, while  
the opposite foot would swing along and over the  
very verge of a chasm down which gazing  
one could only see a black, bottomless gorge  
with the white flashing of the mountain torrents,  
whose crashing roar was conducted in the im-  
mense caverns in a low, continuous growl.

Pleasant bedtime—scenery particularly in-  
teresting, especially to a party of lady equi-  
tarians. But such are some of the necessities of  
crossing the Andes.

Fashionable Summer Life in English  
Country Houses.

Ordinarily, the manner of life is somewhat in  
this way: Breakfast from nine to ten, guests  
dropping down and grouping themselves as they  
please, generally at three or four different tables.  
At half past ten, or eleven, the singing and first  
impromptu start or the croquet-mat begins.  
In the meantime the men stroll about the  
grounds with a cigar and visit the stable and the  
kennels, or join the ladies, who draw, or work,  
or read the papers, or gossip in the drawing-  
rooms, or on the carpets and cushions on the  
lawn, under lime or chestnut-trees, if the day is  
warm enough. Then croquet parties are gen-  
erally going lastly and finally until the next  
general gathering at two for luncheon—a meal  
which the sportsman, however, takes under a  
hedge or behind a haystack. Afterward the  
ladies drive or ride, or continue croquet with  
such of the men as choose shooting until be-  
tween five and six, when there is tea for those  
who like it in the house or on the lawn. Pro-  
bably the sportsman will be home before the  
pleasant loitering at tea is over, and by this  
time the morning papers have arrived and per-  
haps some new guests, and there is talk of any-  
thing that has happened in politics or society.  
Dinner at eight or thereabouts, and afterwards  
in some houses you will have music; in others  
cards, in others dancing, until the ladies like to  
retire. Then the men adjourn to the billiard-  
room, cigars and snuff-boxes, mixed with more  
or less sherry or spirits. Billiards last as long  
as any one likes to play, every man dropping off  
at his own time.—*Tom Hughes.*

## The Ox and the Fly.

An ox, that all day long  
A yoke had sore oppressed,  
Lay down upon his bed of straw,  
His weary limbs to rest.

Perched on his horn, a fly  
"Fie! Fie!" cried, "I see a weight  
Hath laden the strength I fly awhile,  
And swing on yonder gate."

"Thank you," the ox replied;  
"I was not you were there;  
And whether now you are away,  
Shall neither now nor care."

Some carry, as they think,  
The nation's fate about on;  
But on its axis, I suspect,  
The world would turn without 'em.

Napoleon has gone to Biarritz for the  
benefit of the waters, and Count Bismarck, sud-  
denly becoming indisposed, has gone to Biarritz too.  
Without any expressed intention on their part,  
the two greatest men in Europe, who at  
present rule the destinies, meet at this famous  
bathing place, and Russia, who fears a French  
and Prussian alliance upon the "Eastern ques-  
tion," may look out for the consequence.

SOME TIME AGO—It will be gratifying to  
the present generation to know that Prof.  
Benjamin Peirce, the first of American mathe-  
maticians, has demolished the nebular theory  
of solar heat, and demonstrated that the sun  
will continue for billions of years to afford  
sufficient energy to sustain human life upon the  
earth. This is about as long as we are perma-  
nently interested in the matter. The prospect that  
our descendants may be frozen to death after  
the expiration of that time, is too remote to  
cause serious apprehensions.

A young man in Birmingham, N. Y.,  
was recently struck by the particles of the earth  
and a portion of the public mind, sup-  
posed to have been caused partly by lying on  
the damp ground, after violent exercise at base-  
ball playing.

The Paris Convention represents a Fran-  
ciscan general sitting on a marble bench, in a  
public garden, smoking a cigar. A pretty little  
girl whom he has been pointing out to him.  
"General, my papa likes you very much."  
"What is your papa's business, my dear?"  
"He makes water legs."

A colored tournament has taken place  
near Louisville, Va.

Upon the Italian frontier, to guard  
against cholera, travelers are taken into a room  
where they inhale sulphurous emanations.

Has been not yet exhausted its ingenuity  
in making crank work for him. The Austro-  
Hungarian army, a colonel who has just  
succeeded in a machine is put in motion  
by the animal—continually springing up. It  
works at about half horse power, and turns a  
grinding stone, chaff-cutting, beat-mill, turpentine,  
and a washing machine, and all at the  
same time. The contrivance also lifts water  
separately for irrigating the garden.

General Macmillan had not the gratifica-  
tion of putting the bug over every one at  
Frankfort. He wanted to impose upon the Ameri-  
can Ambassador in that city, and make him  
permit Prussian soldiers being billeted upon him.  
Macmillan said he could not help it.  
"Very well," replied Mr. Murphy, putting on  
his hat, "I have only to reply that the Ameri-  
can flag is in the name." The haughty Mac-  
millan left his inability at once, and to Ameri-  
cans had any Prussian quartered upon him  
afterward.

He who becomes rich by living like a  
beggar, is a beggar though he be rich.

## Extraordinary Oratorical Feat.

One of the most remarkable feats of endu-  
rance in a speaker which we remember ever to  
have heard of comes to us from Victoria, Van-  
couver Island, says the Examiner. In the Leg-  
islative Assembly of that place, we are told  
that Mr. Leonard McClure spoke for seventeen  
hours without passing or sitting down. To  
those who are unacquainted with the circum-  
stances, this feat might not appear proper to be  
placed in the same category with the exercises  
of those ambitious pedestrians, who for wages  
walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. It  
may easily be supposed that Mr. McClure's  
speech could not have been a masterpiece of  
oratory, nor is it likely that his indomitable  
greater than that which moved Edmund Burke,  
poet, at the trial of Warren Hastings, after  
speaking for fourteen hours a current of im-  
passioned eloquence, the majestic mind over-  
lapped under the force of physical fatigue, and  
he fell fainting in the arms of Rochester. But we  
know of no instance of stubborn tenacity equal  
to this of Mr. McClure's, and the cause was one  
which should make him famous in the annals of  
the British Colonies. A year ago a large quan-  
tity of land in and about Victoria was seized by  
the Government for arrears of taxes, and was  
by it held on the understanding, expressed and  
published, that the owners could have and re-  
possess their land, by paying the taxes due  
within a twelvemonth of the seizure. But it  
became known a few days before the expiration  
of the allotted term that a plot was on foot,  
hatched by the Government and backed by a  
majority in the House of Assembly, to pass a  
bill authorizing the Executive to repudiate  
its contracts with the land owners, refusing  
to accept payment of the arrears, and raising  
upon and retaining permanently the disputed  
lots. Two men in the House opposed that  
measure. Their names were Amos de Comos  
and Leonard McClure. They knew that they  
had nothing to hope from their peers or  
from the Government, and they prepared them-  
selves accordingly. The House had made up its  
mind, with these two exceptions, to rush through  
this obnoxious bill on the day before the twelve-  
month expired. There was but one way to pre-  
vent this, and it was adopted resolutely. On  
the House being opened, Mr. McClure rose to  
speak, and in a long and powerful speech, kept the  
floor until five o'clock next morning. For seventeen  
hours he continued to speak, while every effort  
was made by the purchased majority to put him  
down and tire him out. With a monotonous  
tenacity he refused to allow him to leave  
against the table, to put his foot upon a chair  
for a moment, to relieve the irascibility of his  
position by resting his hand upon anything, or  
to permit, in any other than a rapidly  
erect and unspontaneous attitude. During the  
whole of the time he relieved each other at in-  
tervals, going out and procuring such refreshment  
as they needed, and always leaving a  
spot in the House. When Mr. McClure's  
exhaustion into his seat as the light of another  
morning was stealing into the windows of the  
Assembly, the Government rose and for the  
remaining seven hours of the twenty-four talked  
against time. On rising, amid the groans and  
hisses of the disgusted and infuriated majority,  
he exclaimed, with more force than refinement,  
that it was useless for honorable members to  
evince their malice in that manner, for he had  
got up with the determination to talk, if neces-  
sary, "until the Angel Gabriel sounded the last  
trump." His powers of endurance were not quite  
so severely tested, but the end was achieved,  
and when the clock struck twelve the worn and  
weary champions of honesty looked round  
with pardoning exultation upon the blank faces  
of a bought and beaten Assembly.

EVERYTHING IN ITS OWN PECULIAR CHARACTER.  
—Imagine a dove saying, "I dislike this flower  
green on my back," and trying to remove it. It  
may rub the feathers off, but they will specify  
complaints. It cannot eradicate the color from  
the feathers. The sunflower will be yellow,  
however much it may prefer to be violet.  
Everything will have its own peculiar form, its  
own peculiar color, its own peculiar juice, its  
own peculiar odor, and its own peculiar consti-  
tution. God meant that it should be so; He  
watches to see that it is so; He holds things  
down to the place, and you among them, and  
your faculties in you. He gives you liberty to  
control one faculty by another, but He never  
gives you liberty to rub out one figure. The  
problem you are to work out in life requires  
that you should use everything put into you.  
You think you are not doing it, but you are.  
God laughs to see how deceived you are—to see  
that you are not doing what you are, and  
to see you doing what you think you are not—  
H. W. Barker.

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more  
like flowers than we think. In their dress and  
adornment they express their nature, as the  
flowers do in their petals and colors. There never  
looked better than when dressed in a striking  
garment. Others are not themselves unless  
they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the  
tulip or the carnation. We have not seen women  
just like white lilies? We know several double  
margold and poppies. There are women fit  
only for virgins, like the daffodil; others are  
graceful and airy, like the crocus. Now and then  
you see tulips and carnations. When we  
are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled  
by others, and not limited by circumstances,  
they do not fail to express their true character,  
and dress becomes a form of expression very  
genuine and useful.

As a proof of the great capriciousness of  
Paris during the summer season, it is mentioned  
that a merchant who had a capital of about a  
million of francs advanced, took in only five  
pounds in three days of August.

SALT AND WHEAT.—It is said, we know  
not how truthfully, that a quart of fine salt  
sprinkled in ten bushels of wheat will be ample  
to keep out the weevil from the mass so pre-  
pared. Field peas and beans may be preserved  
in the same way.

Under Emmanuel has the largest over-  
run in the world. It is six inches long, four  
broad and three thick. Julius Cesar had one  
nearly as large, which he vainly used to cure an  
eye disease from which he suffered.

A man sent to the N. Y. Farmer Club  
recently an account of his experience in artificial  
chicken raising. He labeled specimens, some  
of the time, during two months, experienced  
on 1,000 eggs and produced 10 chickens!

Clouds he divides between us and the  
sun. If we keep our eyes turned heavenward,  
we shall behold the glorious orb; but, if our  
gaze is downward, we shall see only shadows  
lying on our path.

## Old and Young Generals.

The momentous question as to the capacity  
of elderly gentlemen for commanding armies in  
the field, is very naturally now again under dis-  
cussion in Europe. Mr. Edward Curt writes to  
the London Times and gives the names of the  
seventy-two and octogenarian generals under  
whom Austria has at different times suffered her  
worst disasters. The whole history of the world,  
to a certain extent, confirms Sir Edward's opin-  
ion, that no man above fifty should be put in  
command of a large host in actual warfare. Han-  
nibal was commander in chief of the Carthage-  
nian armies when he was only twenty-four, and  
he was only thirty-one when he won the battle  
of Cannae. Alexander the Great had conquered  
Greece and Persia, and achieved his other won-  
derful conquests, when he died at the age of  
thirty-one. William the Conqueror made him-  
self master of England at thirty-nine, and Henry  
V. beat the French at Agincourt when a youth  
of twenty-seven. Cromwell was forty-six at his  
victory at Naseby, and Nelson was forty-seven  
at Trafalgar. Frederick the Great, of Prussia,  
was but twenty-eight when he opened his first  
campaign against Austria; when thirty-three he  
was victorious at the close of the second Russian  
war, and at the end of the seven years' War he  
had but just entered on the period at which Sir  
Edward Curt thinks that military incapacity be-  
gins to show itself. Turcoman, another of the  
"great masters" of modern days, was but thirty-  
seven when the peace of Westphalia resulted  
from his wonderful gifts as a soldier. On the  
other hand, Caesar spent almost all his youth  
and early manhood in civil occupations, and was  
forty-two when he took the field in command of  
the Roman forces in Helvetia and Gaul. At  
fifty-two he fought and won the battle of Pos-  
sumia over Pompey, who was then fifty-eight.  
The Duke of Marlborough, again, was fifty-four  
when he won the victory of Blenheim; he was  
fifty-six at Ramillies; at Malplaquet, when he  
showed the very extreme of daring, he was fifty-  
nine; and when at last he took the fortress of  
Bastonia, he was as much as sixty-one. Never-  
theless, on the whole, there can be no doubt  
that substantially Sir Edward is in the right.  
As to the special case in hand, it is important  
to know how old are the Prussian generals who  
have just beaten their Austrian elders. Perhaps  
Sir Edward Curt can supply the information.

They are carrying on a war of extermina-  
tion against rats out in Pickaway county,  
Ohio. At a recent rat hunt 15,071 were killed,  
and premiums of \$500, \$200 and \$500 are of-  
fered for the townships profiting the largest  
number of rat tails. This is a good way to get  
rid of the vermin.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY WOMEN.—Mrs.  
Mary Briggs, an elderly lady, was waylaid on  
Friday evening, in a street in the suburbs of  
New Bedford, by two women, and \$400 in bills  
and \$120 were stolen from a belt around her  
waist. The police have arrested Mrs. Angeline  
W. Russell and Maria M. Collins for the robbery,  
and a young man named Edwidge L. Andrews  
as an accomplice. The money will probably be  
recovered.

I am transported to see you, as the com-  
vict said to the kangaroo.

A Liverpool tailor recently took a novel  
method of getting a supply of cloth. Going  
among a crowd of people, armed with his shears,  
he cut off the coat tails of a number of pass-  
ers, and before he was arrested had secured a  
large bundle of cloth. The complainants who  
appeared in court against him presented a comical  
appearance.

A Scotch of Tennessee has appeared in  
London, so like that the ladies, who believe  
in the red man, only endeavoring to escape  
him, have forced him already to part with  
several locks of hair. The unfortunate man is a  
cheerful manager of Cheviot.

AN ENGLISH ATTORNEY—Miss Evans,  
the daughter of a dissenting clergyman in Derby-  
shire, is forty-six years old, and besides English,  
is completely mistress of three foreign languages,  
German, French, and Italian. She has written  
six novels in ten years.

The population of London is over 2,000,000.  
In this vast population there are more  
dressmakers and milliners than bakers, grocers,  
tailors, or bootmakers.

There is an unfortunate disposition in  
man to attend much more to the faults of his  
companions which offend him, than to their per-  
fections which please him.

## THE MARKETS.

WHEAT—At Duluth, Minn., comprising about 1000  
bushels at \$1.00 for superior, \$1.05 for extra, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Chicago, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At St. Louis, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At New Orleans, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Mobile, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Savannah, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At New York, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Boston, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Philadelphia, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Baltimore, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Washington, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Richmond, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Norfolk, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Newport, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Providence, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Worcester, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Springfield, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Hartford, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At New Haven, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Bridgeport, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Stamford, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Danbury, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Westport, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At New Rochelle, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Yonkers, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Ossining, \$1.10  
for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Mount Pleasant,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Newburgh,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Poughkeepsie,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Dutchess,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Ulster,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Sullivan,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Warren,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Rensselaer,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Albany,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Schenectady,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Saratoga,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Hamilton,  
\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Westchester,  
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\$1.10 for No. 1, and \$1.15 for No. 2. At Westchester,  
\$1.1



## A DREAM OF LOVE.

Sitting alone in my chamber dreary,  
As the owls in the grate were howling low,  
Came on white wings to my spirit weary  
A dream of my boyhood long ago—

Came back in my dream a bygone morning,  
A shady nook 'neath the drooping trees,  
A scent of violets to me, forlorn,  
My garret-home, sleep gave thoughts like these:—

Felt folded palms a soft, warm pressure,  
Felt over-warped life a long lost kiss;  
Oh! if a dream brings back life's treasure,  
Through life I would dream on, dreams like this!

Slow changed the scene to a churchyard lonely,  
Where I'd sobbed out my soul in days of yore;

A grave—trampled clay—and the dank grass  
Only,  
A wailing night wind—and nothing more.

Bright changed the dream to fall dawn in  
Heaven:

No more I stooped 'neath affliction's rod;  
Earth's sorrows and sins forgot, forgiven,  
We walked o'er the golden hills of God.

Snak in my soul wild music stealing,  
Felt only in childhood's cradled years,  
Remembered in manhood, like the feeling  
Of a dream one wakes from with aching tears.

Back to my soul came the wistful yearning,  
The weary wait, and the hopeless pain,  
As I woke to work, with the lamp still burning,  
The wailing wind, and the pattering rain!

W. H. B. STREYER.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MR. BRACKENRIDGE'S NATURAL ADVENTURE.

"Cliff Cottage, as the reader is already aware, formed one of two small semi-detached houses standing on the outskirts of Normansford. The remaining house was dignified with the title of Beech Lodge, and was the residence of Mr. Brackenridge the chemist. Mr. Brackenridge's little establishment was supervised by his sister Hannah, a light-complexioned, demure-faced young woman, with quiet, firm manners, thoroughly devoted to her brother. Hannah's little scraps of local gossip, which she used to retail to Brackenridge over his meals, were generally regarded by that worthy as so much empty jabber, and treated with a contempt which was at no pains to conceal; but of late, Hannah had found a subject for gossip in the sayings and doings of their new neighbor, Mr. John English, as related her daily with sundry amplifications and exaggerations, by Mrs. Jewkew, and as noted by her own story, eyes, and ears, which never seemed to fail in interesting her brother. It was a subject, too, on which Hannah herself was never weary of dilating; for, to reveal a little secret, she had fallen in love, in her quiet, self-possession, with the handsome young photographer, and every little circumstance connected with him had a special interest in her eyes.

Gurney Brackenridge was sitting over his tea one evening, a few days after John English's interview with Mrs. Wink, as related in the last chapter, and Hannah was sitting opposite to him, replenishing his cup as often as it was empty, and keeping him supplied with fresh slices of toast. The chemist focused back his shop and his profession, as if he did anything that necessitated labor, either of head or hands, and he generally contrived to reach home between seven and eight o'clock, leaving later customers to the tender mercies of his assistant. He had lately been promoting for Mrs. Jewkew, whose health was somewhat out of repair.

"Let her go on with the mixture as before," said Mr. Brackenridge, in reply to a remark by his sister, that the old lady was worse rather than better to-day.

"I was in to see her about an hour ago," said Hannah, "and found her quite recovered from the idea of having to pass the night all alone in the house."

"All alone! How's that?" said the chemist, looking up with sudden interest.

"Oh, she contrived to quarrel with her servant this morning, and sent her about her business at a neighborly hour."

"That's another day's work," remarked the chemist, "always quarrelling with her servants, and always getting fresh ones—But where's Mr. E.?"

"Oh, he went out on business this morning by the train, and left word that he should not be home till some time to-morrow."

"Not home till to-morrow?" said the chemist quickly. Then, after a thoughtful pause, during which he sat staring intently at the fire, he said: "You will be going to see Mother Jewkew again, I suppose, before the evening is over?"

"Yes," said Hannah. "I promised to go in at half-past nine, and give the old lady her medicine, and see the premises all safe for the night."

"And quite right, too," said her brother. "But, before you go in, Hannah, I will give you a pill, which you must strictly observe her to take the last thing before going to bed, and, Hannah, while you are there, try to observe to leave unobscured the shuttered window of the back sitting-room. Do you understand?"

The cry of brother and sister met in a long, steady gaze. "I understand," said Hannah sweetly. "It shall be done."

It never entered into the mind of Hannah Brackenridge as to whether or not her brother's special attention to his daughter was the rule of her life. Had she been told to her "Hannah, oblige me by giving Mother Jewkew a tincture of an ounce of powder, and I think it probable that she would have complied with his request without demur.

Gurney, meanwhile, sat brooding at home in company with his wife. Mrs. Wink's refusal to reveal to him the nature of the hidden bond that united her and Lady Normansford in a common grudge against the young photographer, had proved an insignificant wrong, upon the whole. "Come you both!" he muttered, shaking his fist at a china shepherd and shepherdess fixed in permanent loving embrace in the chimney-piece. "I'll find out the secret for myself, and then you'll make her Ladyship pay for the time she keeps me quiet! Mother Jewkew's

her lodger is always writing—that he keeps a journal—more fool he!—so there ought to be something among his papers, if I could only get at 'em, which would give me the clue to what I want to know. At all events, I'll try. Nothing risk, nothing harm. I shall be a gentleman yet—I know I shall!"

Presently, he heard his sister letting herself in at the front-door. "Well, have you made all square?" he said as she entered the room.

"I have done as you wished me to do," replied Hannah.

"Has the old woman taken her pill?"

"Yes; I stayed with her while she took it."

"Get me out the brandy bottle, and then you can go to bed as soon as you like."

"Yes, Gurney," said the obedient Hannah; and having set out the favorite black bottle, together with hot water and sugar, she kissed her brother on the forehead; and the next minute he heard her going softly up stairs to bed.

The chemist sat smoking and drinking till the clock struck eleven. "Oh! Mother Jewkew ought to be as sound as a top by this time, or else there's no virtue in my pill," he muttered to himself; and putting down his pipe, he rose, and went quietly into the next room, taking the candle with him. Having unlocked a drawer, he took out of it a pair of list slippers, a dark-lantern, a bunch of skeleton keys, a small life-preserver, a black overcoat, and a sort of skull-cap, made of the skin of some animal, with the hair outside, and having long flaps to come down over the ears, and the under the chin.

After inducing himself into the overcoat, slippers, and cap—and so disguised, Hannah herself would hardly have known him at the first glance—he put the lantern, the keys, and the life-preserver into his pocket, blew out the candle, and let himself cautiously out by a door which opened into the garden at the back of the house. The garden of Beech Lodge and Cliff Cottage ran parallel one to the other, with only a low wall between them, and the outer walls, shutting themselves in at sides and back, were considerably higher. The houses stood by themselves, with fields on three sides of them, which sloped gently up from the backs of the two gardens to where a thick plantation of young trees crowned the prospect.

The night was cold, calm, and overcast; and Hannah, sitting at her bedroom window shrouded in a thick snow, could hardly distinguish the black ominous shadow gliding stealthily over the sward below. At length it stopped for a moment, as if to reconnoitre, she still waiting that it was unseen, it leaped quickly over the dividing-wall, and half creeping, half running, passed swiftly out of sight, doubling back towards the rear of Cliff Cottage. Hannah had taken the precaution to open her window a inch or two at the bottom; and after listening intently for a short time, she heard a slight creaking noise, which she knew to be produced by the opening of Mrs. Jewkew's window; followed by another and a fainter creak, as the intruder closed it behind him; and then Hannah knew that so far her brother had safely accomplished his purpose, whatever that purpose might be.

The heart of Gurney Brackenridge failed him a little when he found himself standing alone in the dark in the little room which he had entered in so felonious a manner; but a heavy pill at a spirit-drink, which he had not failed to bring with him, revived in some measure his fainting courage; and after the further stimulus of a double-distilled oath, muttered drearily in his throat, he set about his perquisition with something of his old confidence. As a friend of Mrs. Jewkew, he was well acquainted with the interior of Cliff Cottage, and knew the position of the furniture, so that a very slender ray of light from his lantern sufficed to guide him safely to the door of the room in which he then was.

The room was on the ground floor, and at the back of the house, but the object of his search was in search would be found, if anywhere, in the first floor front, that being Mr. John English's sitting-room. So up the stairs he let himself slip, Mr. Brackenridge stole lightly, scarcely venturing to breathe till he found himself upon the landing at the top. Three doors opened on to the landing—namely, that of Mrs. Jewkew's bedroom, that of John English's bedroom, and that of the sister's sitting-room. Mr. Brackenridge, applying his ear to the keyhole of Mrs. Jewkew's door, could hear the old lady breathing sternly as she lay asleep, and a faint snore came over his face as he listened. He turned the handle, and softly he opened the door—a little way, just far enough to enable him to insert his arm, and draw the key from its socket. In another minute, Mrs. Jewkew was safely locked up in her own room.

Mr. Brackenridge's next proceeding was to enter John English's bedroom, but a cold gasp issued from his lips as he found the door locked, and the key turned round in the lock. He turned to the door of the sister's sitting-room, and found it also locked. He turned to the door of the sister's sitting-room, and found it also locked. He turned to the door of the sister's sitting-room, and found it also locked.

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"Friday let it be," said the chemist, as he made a note in his pocket-book. "A man and boy shall be waiting for you at 10.30 A. M. at Finger Bay—either an out-of-the-way place, by the by—Oh, you know it, do you? Then that's all right.—And now, here we are at the station."

When Mr. Brackbridge reached home that evening, his first words to his sister were: "Send down to the Hand and Dagger, and tell Jerry I wish to see him."

"Jerry is here, waiting for you," said Hannah. "What brings him here, I wonder? But send him in, and leave us together."

Brackbridge and Jerry were very good friends; indeed, it was through a well-timed slip for the son that the chemist had won his first step in the affections of the mother. Jerry looked up to Brackbridge as to a man of unlimited knowledge, who wielded the power of his mind and the force of his character as a man of letters; and who could, if he were so minded, cause any man who offended him to wither away and die in some mysterious manner.

He came shivering in, in his usual shaggy way, twisting his hat between his fingers, and seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair, in obedience to the chemist's bidding. Brackbridge had studied Jerry's peculiarities, and valued the lad for the fullness of a cup of tea, and for a couple of minutes, before asking him a single question.

"Well, Jerry, my man, and what has brought you up here?" he said at last, as the lad proceeded to rub his shivering arms.

"Pipata is ill, and Jerry wants a charm to make her better."

"What is the matter with her ladyship?" asked the chemist.

"She refuses to eat; she refuses to dance when her lord plays sweet music; she is no longer glad, but very, very melancholy."

The chemist turned from the table, and sat staring into the fire for a full quarter of an hour, without speaking, Jerry meanwhile sitting patiently, twisting his hat, but with a furtive eye on the place of mamma, somewhat growing colder on the table.

"Jerry," said the chemist, turning round at last, and speaking in a solemn voice, "Pipata is ill—she is enchanted!"

A low cry escaped from Jerry; he half started up in his chair, and then sat down again, trembling violently.

"Yes, enchanted, cursed by a magic spell," repeated Brackbridge. "Katafago, the great magician, has cast an evil eye upon her. Pipata who never recovers, unless—"

The chemist paused, and looked earnestly at his half-witted companion; but Jerry had not sufficient sense to fill up the hiatus with the question which would have come naturally to the lips of any one else, and Brackbridge waited in vain.

"I am," he resumed slowly and impressively—"unless Katafago, the great magician, were to die. In that case, Pipata would certainly recover."

"Oh, tell me," cried Jerry, starting up, "where does this great magician live?" Jerry will go to him, and will pray him on his knees to spare the life of his lovely Pipata."

The chemist laughed a loud, scornful laugh. "You don't know what you would say, my poor lad," he said. "Katafago is king of the Trade, and when Pipata dies, he will take her soul, and put it into the body of a poisonous toad, and it will remain a toad for ever. And then Wagnado will follow the same fate; the spell is on them both."

The lad started up, his blue eyes quivering with white passion, and his little eye all a-shine. He rushed up behind Brackbridge's chair, and, laying a long thin finger on the chemist's arm, and in a sort of shrill whisper: "Jerry will kill him!"

"Hush! my poor boy, you must not talk in that wild way," said Brackbridge soothingly. "Do you know who he is—this terrible magician?"

"No! Who?" said Jerry in an eager whisper.

"He who lives next door, who makes the sun take pleasure for him—the tall man with the long black hair?" Jerry fell back a foot or two in dismay. "What stranger but he?" continued Brackbridge, "ever played with Pipata as he played with her the first time he saw her? It was then he cast his spell over her. Lovely Pipata must die!"

"Pipata shall not die!" exclaimed Jerry, all aglow with nervous excitement. "Give Jerry some of that white powder out of the jar on the top shelf in the closet, and Jerry will kill him with what the magician said, and he shall die. Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Nay, nay, Jerry, my man; that would never do," said the chemist. "We cannot prevent Pipata dying, unless—"

And again he paused, and looked earnestly at Jerry. "Listen to me," he resumed. "If of whom we have been speaking is going on Friday to the island of Indolence, and I want you, Jerry, to row him across."

"Want Jerry to do it?" No, no, no, Jerry dare not!"

"That man! he has no power to harm you, or I would not ask you to go with him. But to make everything quite sure, I will give you a charm which I have on me, locked up in an iron chest, with which you may set at defiance all the enchantments and witches in the world. And now, come nearer; I want to talk to you seriously. You must be at Finger Bay at half past ten on Friday morning. It will come there, and you will row him across to the island. And now attend carefully to what I am about to say," and with that, the chemist's voice sank to a whisper. Jerry, sitting motionless by his side, drank in the words eagerly.

Half an hour later, Brackbridge himself let Jerry out by the front door, and then stood listening to the lad's retreating footsteps, as he went softly down the hill. "A devilish thing to do!" muttered the chemist to himself, "but I'm not going to risk it now. And as he turned to go indoors, he heard with a shudder the faint sound of Jerry's wheelbarrow for down the road."

There is an editor in North Carolina who even bulleted in his body—received in duem and street encounters. His paper ought to be called the "Bullet-in," and contain all "bullet matter," remarks an exchange.

On Good Friday, in a town in North Wales, an elderly minister with a bald pate judiciously selected for his text: "My sins are greater in number than the hairs on my head."

## THE WIDOW OF PISA.

BY PAUL HEYER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUBER FORESTIER.

"Altogether it seems to me that you hold too favorable an opinion of the Italian women."

"How so?" I asked.

"I have read some of your novels. Well, you yourself must confess that those Arrabattas and Antonas are rather more sparingly sown in the field than the credulous reader is likely to imagine. By-the-by, just between ourselves, are these creatures of your imagination, or studies from life?"

"Exact copies of the Nature which would hardly consider its originals could gain anything from my improvements."

"That may be! But still you cannot deny that you have purposely selected the best people?" You must not grumble either if people come to call you an idealist."

"Grumble? Why should I? That would place me in such good company that I should not be so lonely. Besides, most worthy friend, in the strictest confidence let me tell you: I have never introduced a personage who did not possess some amiable qualities; moreover, never a female character with whom I was not in a certain degree in love. Wherefore should I trouble myself in the realms of Poesia with what was indifferent or repulsive to me in every-day life? There are enough others who delight in painting the disagreeable. Let each one go his own way."

"That sounds very fine, and is perhaps true! I don't understand these things myself, but I have always heard it said that fiction should reflect life as from a mirror. Well, then, life has also its reverse side; and do you think that light and shadows belong. Do you not think that it is a duty you owe to truth to take notice of the less charming creatures who must surely exist even in Italy?"

"If I were writing a book upon the character of the Italian people—certainly! But I am only writing tales. Now, pray, whom am I deceiving, but such as choose to deceive themselves, if I prefer choosing subjects to please myself to giving shadows from the reverse side of Nature? But you make me curious about your reverse side. What have you to say about it?"

"Hm! That is not so easily told. If I am not mistaken that attracts you to these women in their unphilosophical Nature, their want of exaggerated, tame boarding-school training, in a word their native freshness."

"Not to forget the noble race from which they have sprung, and those rich endowments which render training much less necessary than it would be to a sterner nature," I added.

"That, of course, understood! I will grant you that the passions assume a certain grand form beneath these skies, a certain sublimity, even the most insane ones;—yes, that even the chief passion of the sex—as well this as the other side of the mountain—with all its laughable has been a touch of grandeur."

"The chief passion?"

"I mean the mania for husband-seeking. You laugh? I can tell you that since I had an opportunity of making my own studies upon this point, I look upon it as no joke."

"It is upon this very subject that I am curious."

"That I shall not withhold from you the advantage—although I know it may offend to a certain material to an idealist like you. First, though, I must get some fire from your guide. 'C'est la femme, c'est la vie, mon ami!'"

This dialogue took place one beautiful summer evening, upon the top of a French dune which was being dragged up the broad road of "Mont Genie" by two horses and four men. Although the sky was bright with stars, but a faint light was shed upon valleys below the mountain road, shaded as they were by the thick foliage of the elms, so that the passengers must give up all hope of enjoying the prospect. And, as the cracking of whips, the cries of the postillions, and the hundredfold tinkling of the bells would not permit sleep, a poor German author could not but otherwise than consent to strolling down the hill above the level of the sea as good-naturedly as a critic as in spite of all differences of opinion, my neighbor seemed to be. We had travelled together in the railway from Turin to the edge of the mountain, each one silently leaning back in his corner. The sea had first been broken by a mutual exclamation when we stopped to take the stage, at the discovery that we were not at all other strangers.

"Do you know Pisa?" he asked, as soon as he had lighted his cigar from that of the Frenchman.

I replied that a short time previous I had spent a whole fortnight in the quietest of all Italian towns in the world, to carry out certain studies.

"Well, then, perhaps after all you know my widow either by sight or by hearsay. Have you ever passed a house with green shutters in the broad street called Borgo, and heard from a window upon the second floor, a Soprano voice singing that Duet from Norma?"

"I replied in the negative."

"Then, thank Providence!" he said with a sigh that seemed to come from a heavy heart. "You see the voice came out of a heavy heart. I am unfortunately no musician, else I should have been warned instead of being assured that the net. But you see, when a fellow has been about in a few dozen dirty student lodgings—the neatly furnished ones are all taken about the middle of the season—and then hears a woman's voice warbling from a balcony, down that has never a bill upon it, announcing lodgings to let, it can readily be understood that this should sound like a voice from Heaven, even were he a better musician than I. I must provide my adventure by telling what I may be in Pisa. You will soon see the window. I am an architect, you know. In the little German town which, narrow and contracted as it is, I love and honor as my fatherland, I may say without being accused of boasting, I am the only one of my trade who knows how to build anything superior to the ordinary three-storyed human habitations. If ever you should come to N—, you must not fail to visit our place are carefully held under lock and key, so that they may not be shot away over the borders. The women! I just passed, gaining thereby not only the gratitude of my fatherland, but also that of our service lightness, the Duke. Should he ever be able to carry out his favorite plan of

building a wall around his territory upon the plan of the Chinese wall, I may be sure of that honorable commission. As a preliminary, he showed me his favor in an insignificant, but to me more agreeable way, in sending me upon a scientific mission to Italy. We possess, as one of the chief objects of interest to our city, right in the centre of our castle park, a "Leaning Tower." Ill-willed, spiteful people are of opinion that this curiosity has originated from a very simple cause. It seems that the soil of the vicinity has been softened by the constant overflow of the sub-soil, and this they think has caused the sinking of the watch-tower. In no way can greater credit be given to our oldest inhabitants than by the utterance of this opinion. Therefore, when one day my experienced judgment was called in to decide the weighty question, I was diplomat enough to reply that as I had never visited Italy, I was not able to say what conclusion our "Leaning Tower" might bear to that of Pisa, Bologna, Modena, &c. Nothing but a complete study of the intricate standing architecture of the middle ages could give a true appreciation of our home monumental structures. This had the desired effect. The very next day I received, through an official writing, the high and mighty commission to make an art tour of a year through Italy at the cost of the Cabinet, for the purpose of studying monumental architecture, and upon the "Leaning Tower" of Italy and Germany. I set off all the more joyously as I had been betrothed but a short time previous, and without so important a mission had hardly been able to tear myself away to see with my own eyes the far-famed land, a duty I had long owed to my calling."

"Permit me to observe," I said, "that after this last information, your experience regarding Italian women no longer appears to me as so conclusive as before. A German bridegroom who has besides undertaken to make observations upon all the architecture with a stinging tendency."

"Has a most honorable commission?" he interrupted, laughing. "But then a year is a long time, and the master of the land as well as the mistress of the house would not doubt find me extremely if I spent the hours of leisure in making a study of the horizontal beauties of the country. No, you must first hear my Pisa misfortune. I had reserved my visit to this city until my homeward journey. I said to myself whenever I thought of the 'Compagnie' of the cathedral of Pisa—hold in reserve."

This great one for the last!

and determined to spend four whole weeks in Pisa that I might make out of my mathematical calculations, and even while in retirement a portion of my book, in order to be able to bring his Highness something to read as well as to fight and drudge. Well, as I before said, I gave up finding a comfortable private boarding-house, when one solitary day on a morning I wandered along Borgo street, tired to death, and heard as a voice from Heaven, the warbling song from the window directly above the sign "Carnet de officine." To spring forward, knock at the door, and picture to the Clerk of a kitchen-maid my shabby condition was, as I said, a most agreeable surprise, the work of a moment. The maid-servant murmured on her head to her. She then laughed and shook her head. "No, no," she said, "there is nothing to let here." But, the sign? I asked, "It is written, three distinctly: 'On the first floor!'"

"Yes, but not per gli uomini!" she replied, as she made ready to shut the door. "What?" I cried, "not for men?" Well, then, I assure you upon my word of honor, you will find that an accommodating German can even turn himself into a brute beast if he alone can find comfortable quarters in Pisa." "Che, che!" she said, ready to burst with laughter, that was not what she meant. The rooms were only not to let to a human of the male sex. Her mistress was a widow, and only took lady lodgers. However, if I would just walk in the would see. She led me, still laughing, through the kitchen into a next apartment, where stood a double canopy bed, an old chest of drawers, and several rush-bottomed chairs, whilst about the stove-door were carefully spread mats woven of the same material; but what caught my eye chiefly was a square table in the centre of the floor, just such a one as I had longed for to comfort myself upon my study and penmanship upon. "Here stand, please," cried a voice which I could hardly avoid the price he to deny it, and, daily visiting the dim and spindle? Meanwhile, the music in the adjoining room suddenly broke off, and I hear Cinderella deliver her message amidst much tittering. I hardly had time to prepare a touching address before the door opened and my widow entered, dressed in a white garb of perfect simplicity and elegance, but still of perfect propriety, and her hair in curl papers, with a bearing and expression that plainly told me she had sometime probed the boards. She was not bad-looking, I assure you. Somewhat too much inclined to complacency perhaps, the nose rather too stumpy for my taste, no longer in the first bloom of youth, yet so remarkably well preserved for a widow, and with a pair of black eyes like—well, you must find a suitable comparison for yourself, what else are you poor for?"

"I, as creative artist, had at first glanced at it all for advantage; yet had been compelled to make use of her for the frontispiece of my great work, the beautiful, large table would have made her seem charming to me. I believe that in my whole life I have never exercised greater civility to a foreign language than in now in conquering her various prejudices. It is true, to be sure, I said that I was a man of the half, (personne marche—either Italian that) yet so like a woman in disposition that in my youth I had even learned better from a beautiful woman. No one in the whole city had ever seen me go home intoxicated, and it was far from my nature to leave it to women in Pisa. I would even dispute with an English lady, and I was agreeable to her, and would gladly pay in advance any price she chose to ask for the lodgings."

"She listened quietly to all I had to say, and my touching civilities at last seemed to make an impression upon her. At all events, she said that for her own part she had no objection, but she was young widow, and her uncle, the guardian of her children, did not wish her to endanger her good name by letting the new expatriate room to gentlemen."

"I immediately inquired the residence of this prudent man, and heard to my sorrow that I might not hope to try my powers of persuasion upon him, as he was about upon a journey to Florence. Then must I really despair? I cried with such comical despair, (I had just been crying the while we sat) that the widow's kind heart, which was by no means

framed of stone, began to melt. "Come again in the afternoon," she said. "I will see if the thing is possible. Ermine, show the gentleman out." With this she made the courtesy of a Princess who had just been giving audience to an ambassador, and I was graciously dismissed.

"Well, you can imagine I sat my reason in that modest *Trattoria* of Italy, the 'Nemico' on the 'Lungarno,' in a little excitement, and drank just twice my usual quantity of wine. I must strengthen myself for the possibility, of which I could not think without terror, of knowing such a table to exist in Pisa, and yet often being obliged to help myself out of my difficulties with a temporary support built of chairs, boards and my umbrella."

"And at three o'clock, as I ascended the steps, my heart beat as though the mistress of the house was in question, instead of a wooden table. This time she received me dressed in black, and with a rather more elegant style of coiffure, and seemed also somewhat embarrassed. This I looked upon as favorable, and, therefore, not a little startled when without much preamble she told me that as her uncle was about to be of his opinion, that the step would by no means answer. 'A young widow'—and here she cast her eyes downwards with a real complacency of modesty—'who besides has been an artist, and who is of an age when a second life-happiness might not be considered altogether approachable—you can understand that there are duties even to our people, and my uncle's wish to see me married again—a *Guinevere* like you, Signora, surely would not stand in the way of a lone young woman's future career."

"Quite on the contrary, dearest Signora," I cried eagerly, keeping my eyes always upon the table, "I should rather rejoice to have it in my power to prove to you how much I esteem your talents and virtues that adorn you. You are right, and your excellent uncle is right, a being like you is created to give and receive happiness. Poor man, who has had such a short time to enjoy this happiness! How long is it since he was torn from you?"

"Ten months," she replied, without seeming greatly affected by the reminiscence. "He journeyed to Naples, fell among the brigands—and returned no more. Shall I show you his photograph?"

"With this she led the way into the adjoining room, which was rather more shabby furnished, and evidently served as a kind of parlor. Here stood the piano, an elegant writing-table, and a window, whilst several framed colored bird cages hung from the ceiling, and the walls were covered with portraits of distinguished theatre celebrities. In an unassuming frame above the sofa, entwined around with a dusty lace, hung the picture of a grave-looking middle-aged man, which she pointed out to me as her husband of blessed memory. Even now I could discover no traces of emotion upon her face. The catbird chirped, a little watch-dog crept under the sofa and set up a howl, Cinderella uttered through the key-hole, and amidst all the sounds my beauty stood only looking of a new 'life-happiness' in vision, the moment she took a seat beside her upon the sofa."

"I expressed my astonishment that she should be free for ten months without being married on all sides. 'I am hard to please,' she said. 'I was too happy with my Carlo to run the risk of binding myself to any one who might leave me as he did. Several suitors have presented themselves, but I have refused them all. Count, for example, I should have accepted him had he not been too young for me, only sixteen years old, and I am three-and-twenty. Poor fellow, I pitied him, but then what can I do. It is not possible to marry every one who loves his senses out of love.'"

"Certainly not," I replied. "What would you have done with such a child? Only a nature man, who knows something of life, would be able fully to estimate your youth, and in some measure to replace to you the lost one."

"The signed," On the one? she said. "They are all spirits! Youth only is capable of enthusiasm for beauty. The mature grow cold, and are no longer able to give happiness."

"Experience alone can prove that," I said, half earnestly, half to tempt her, for I soon perceived her matured mind, and that the sure under certain conditions would gladly welcome her own. In addition to this, the whole adventure seemed to me so dull that the spirit of mischief within me prompted me to carry out the farce."

"Beautiful Signora," I said, "by what name are you known?"

"'Lucrezia,' she replied, giving me a penetrating look with her meditative eye. 'It is doubtless an act of Providence that I now sit upon this sofa. I have wandered far and wide (I meant in Pisa, searching for lodgings; she understood in the world, and have no where found what I sought. In this house for the first time I have found something like a home. In Florence with the mother of her late husband, Lucrezia, here I feel drawn to remain and make my home. You do not know me, and I do not know you, and therefore it would be over-hasty to make plans now for the future. *Che ne pensi, o signora?*'"

"But also Lucrezia," she said, reprovingly.

"Do you intend returning home again?"

"It depends entirely upon you how long I breathe the air of Pisa," I replied, with cheerful alacrity, answering too in the same understanding way her question as to whether I was married. "No," I said, "not yet, but I am determined not to remain a bachelor half a year longer." Then this noble soul put me to blush with her own frankness: she told me she had four children, the two youngest were with her, and the greater part of the day, and the two eldest, one of four, one of five years of age, were in Florence with the mother of her late husband. "That is charming," I said. "I hope I shall soon make the acquaintance of the little angels; I have a perfect passion for all kinds of household animals, children, dogs and cats."

"O, you are an exception to most men," she cried enthusiastically. "My Carlo used to be ready to jump out of his skin when the children were about, the birds twittered and I sang music in between. You certainly must be an Italian man, they are all so comical!"

"German," I replied; "but even amongst them there are some enough to be comical, or to become so for the sake of a pair of handsome eyes. Well, then, I may bring my trunk?"

"I accompanied this question with my finger to the upper lip, and with my mouth as if I were about to utter some words of wisdom, or as if I were about to put my victory in jeopardy. But she brought out a cushion for me to sit on, in which

paragraph one expressly stipulated matrimony, I would shamefully have exposed my double-tongued dealing. I pressed a couple of francs into the hand of the Cinderella Brackbridge, and an hour later I made my triumphant entrance, bag and baggage."

"During the first days I suffered no further inconvenience from my strategy, no shrinkings either in my conscience or within my private domain. The fair enemy whom I had so cleverly deceived, and who had so cleverly deceived me, for the cool manner in which she regarded the new 'life-happiness' gave her opportunity to find out what kind of a bargain she had made in her unknown lodger. To my sorrow, the result of her investigations seemed to accuse daily more and more to my favor. And in all modesty let me say I deserved it. A quieter, more pleasant, more instructive second husband than I had been, in these days no young widow could desire, and if such was wanting in point of tenderness, it might be laid to the score of chivalrous discretion. When I came home from my surveying occupation at the 'Carnet de officine' I planted myself in front of the aforesaid table to work out my draughts. Meanwhile, she might sit for 'Ah si afferra all'ore estremo,' or any thing else. 'Contente' in the next room to her heart's content, my dull ear, for which the first time in my life I was thankful, noticed me in noisily rattling her alterations several times she sent in her children, who always came wild amongst my portfolio and other objects, until I purchased peace and quiet with some oranges. Yet even in this trial my conduct was most exemplary. If I chanced to walk out upon the 'Lungarno' in the cool of the evening, amidst a swarm of students, dilettas with their families, and a few young tops who cried here as well as elsewhere—but you have seen all this yourself—I was sure to meet my handsome hostess walking by the side of some lady friend, closely veiled, and with an air of widowed modesty, and I soon noticed that she had numerous admirers. Many of these would have died of envy had they known how completely I had mastered in my own hand. I, however, satisfied myself with a respectful dipping of the hat, and, as a regular thing, only went home when I had retired for the night. This took place pretty early, for like most Italian women, she was totally unaccustomed; and as with the exception of an occasional translation of a French novel, she never read anything, she departed brightly from earth as soon as it was dark and she could no longer sit at the front window to be admired."

"This peaceful condition as to matrimony in accordance with my wishes—a life like Paradise where wolf and lamb dwell in innocence together—had lasted about a week, when I noticed that the lamb was beginning to marvel at the tameness of the wolf. Yes, it seemed to the poor innocent almost a breach of honor that she should remain undisturbed when she appeared to herself as an appealing. Now then the course of nature was reversed, and, contrary to all rule, the lamb armed itself to attack the wolf. For a few days nothing came of it but a fresh bouquet of flowers, which I found upon my dressing-table when I came home. Then one evening there appeared in front of my bed a warm pair of Turkish slippers which must have belonged to the poor departed, my predecessor wolf; they were worn by good as new. At some I must have been a little startled, and I prepared by Madame Lucrezia herself, and placed her in a glass of Chianti. Ermine, who sits at the table with me and feeds the 'lamb,' chuckled to herself, and only the dog growled at me as an insinuation who threatened to shut her up. During the meal we carried on a learned discussion upon the German and Tuscan culinary art, and I, relying upon my fatherland, even showed the German *auerbach's* and *schwein* to the dish of Italian artichokes. This seemed of sufficient significance to her to suggest a still more daring step the next day. Only think what the six creature ventured upon! The next morning I went as usual to my 'Leaning Tower,' and I walked away on the very highest foot, all unconscious of danger. I suddenly was assailed by the well-known—'Ah, se non avessi avuta'—my handsome widow was coming towards me on the long flight of winding stairs, so that, unless I had flung myself flying and seek in the pinnated gallery, escape was impossible. What her intentions were to this day is not quite clear to me, for she was by far too practical to cast me from the house, and she either alone or arm-in-arm with herself I did not then and there make a decided promise of marriage—I had almost said she was too Italian, but I will not violate your ideal. After all it was perhaps only modesty, she said, that drove her to me. I, of course, declared myself charmed, did the honors of the house most amiably, and as we were entirely alone I told myself that I was bound to kiss her hand over and over again. Now she was saving her day. The effect of something had somewhat flustered her usually war-like face, and as she let her coal-black eyes sparkle over catlike and 'bambino' she seemed to me after all no bad make; that is, for an Italian without education. I said many under things to her, which she, poor lamb, after the long ill-treatment on my side, gulped down with visible delight. Of course I was rewarded with numerous gentle hints and encouraging glances. Yet I had no need of turning my engagement ring to conjure up a good spirit to protect me from this temptation, for I knew clearly and distinctly that with all her little languishing man-maneuver she was as indifferent to me in the bottom of her soul as the marble floor upon which she stood. And so it came that after the expiration of an hour we demanded the official staircase each well pleased."

"She must have thought the iron was in a glow, for she lost no time in making ready to leave it. The same day in the afternoon, she invited me into a public theatre—the *Fulmine* it was called, I think—perhaps you remember it. In vain I begged myself on the plea of fatigue to accompany her if we two were seen together as public men. 'Things have gone so far now,' she answered coolly, 'that you cannot compromise me more than you have already done. And must not this sometimes have to do?' 'You, indeed,' I sighed to myself, 'the under most fall from your eyes, poor lamb?'—and so I accompanied her with hands fortified as to the theatre."

"I thought at first that she had arranged this second engagement chiefly to compromise me in the eyes of the public, and then possibly to make me into a man, but I found she had a secondary view. During the intervals between the acts, while Lucrezia steadily devoured candied fruit, a singer, whom I had often noticed as a curiosity in the streets of Pisa, came forward to entertain the audience. He usually mounted about

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■ A young lady in Cleveland lately broke her neck riding on a bicycle.







